

## EL PASO HERALD

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## Newspapers and Advertising

THE American Newspaper Publishers' association is waging a campaign against the seekers of free advertising. It is an abuse that needs to be corrected. The American public usually believes that newspapers are published for the sole purpose of giving free publicity to individual plans for making money or building up a reputation. A newspaper that wastes its space in this manner is recreant in its trust to its readers.

A newspaper's business is first of all to give its readers the news. It sells the paper to the subscribers for much less than the cost of production, usually for less than the cost of the white paper and the ink. The advertising columns afford the source of revenue for the papers. It is the practice to run a given amount of advertising to a certain amount of news—about in equal proportions, but in the first class paper, the news generally predominates.

This news space should be news; the publishers of the paper owe this to the readers. When it is taken up with matters not news—accounts of the merits of a certain make of automobile, the beauty of such and such a system of shorthand or music study, the merits of somebody's suburban addition, or the gifts of some orator, singer or medical practitioner who is profiting pecuniarily by the advertising, the people are robbed of just that much news. Yet many people have a habit of entering a newspaper office with "something to fill up with."

Every paper boils down and leaves out as much news matter as is printed every day. If a paper ever got to be large enough that it wanted "something to fill up with," the publishers would soon be in the poorhouse. It is the business of the editor to select the best news—what is most interesting to the most people—and print it. "Big stories" have to be treated as such, according to their news value. Matters of small general interest on the other hand, have to be reduced to the smallest possible space. It is not always because the editor wishes it, but because the public demands it; he knows what the public wants.

After the news is selected—and news is something that has happened or will happen that interests the public; something that all people want to know about; not John Jones's concert next week, which would interest a few people at most and not Mr. Jones considerable revenue if he could get it into the paper—but something big and interesting.

When a matter is not of interest to the majority of the readers, then it rightfully belongs in the advertising columns and the publisher has a right to ask that it be paid for. Anything that will benefit somebody financially comes under the heading of advertising, whether it is a church social or the sale of bonds to build a railroad. The advertising space of a newspaper is its stock. Nobody thinks of asking the haberdasher to donate a suit of clothes, but many ask space equal to the price of a suit of clothes from the publisher. The automobile man has no more right to ask the publisher to donate space for boosting his 1911 model car than the publisher has to ask the auto maker to donate him a 1911 roadster.

That man H. B. Jones up at Tucuman is getting to be a regular J. P. Morgan—just takes a new bank under his arm every time he wants diversion of any kind.

The Swedish church of Kansas City is suing a miner for a divy on his profits from an Alaskan claim, alleging that the church "grubstaked" him when he went out to find his fortune. That church will be playing policy next.

Diaz had some destroying that will make Creighton's look like a penny with a hole in it beside a brand new double eagle if he lays hands on the young American who is so busy burning bridges between El Paso and Chihuahua.

The Harriman legatees are complaining because they have had to pay two million dollars inheritance tax. If they object so strenuously, let them pass the inheritances down this way and most any El Pasoan will be glad to pay the tax.

A California man wrote two postal cards, one to his wife and one to another woman and then addressed them wrong. The one the wife got was just as sweet as could be, but she wants a divorce just the same. Women are finicky creatures.

## Congress Of Farm Women

CONGRESS of farm women is to be held in Colorado Springs next October when the International Dry Farming congress meets there. The idea of the congress belongs to Mrs. Eleanor L. Burns, wife of the secretary of the Dry Farming congress, and is a splendid one. While the farmers are discussing the problems of the soil and its products, the women, too, will be discussing advancements in farm methods and products. It is just as much advantage to discuss advancement in methods of housekeeping, gardening and dairying as it is to discuss the best method to plow, harrow, plant and harvest the crops.

The farmer's good wife is his faithful helpmeet in all his undertakings and often undergoes more hardships than her husband. Anything that will lighten her burden and improve the conditions under which she works should be welcomed by both sexes alike. It will make life more attractive in the country, it will make the families on the farm more prosperous and contented and will tend generally to uplift the various communities and improve conditions generally.

Mrs. Burns deserves every assistance in her undertaking and she should receive the thanks of the all rural communities for her earnest endeavors in bringing the women of the farms together, for a better farming community will make a better country generally.

It is to be hoped that the attendance at the congress will be large and that even with that, the first meeting will be but a small beginning of what could prove one of the most useful organizations in the country, for when these plain farm mothers get together, their influence is going to be nationwide.

The Red Sox can come near living up to their names than the White Sox. It's not so hard to keep the color.

News "from insurrecto sources" is getting to be about as reliable as "from the Mexican foreign office."

One paper says that Washington, Lincoln, McKinley and Taft are "the great army mobilizers of the nation." Roosevelt didn't have to mobilize an army; he just gave the big stick a rap or two and that settled it.

The mayor of Rome, Italy, is sending out invitations to American mayors to be present in a short time at the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the proclamation making Rome the Italian capital. None of the invitations have yet dropped around to El Paso. Probably the mayor has heard of the way Henry Kelly garners in everything in sight in the way of public offices and is letting well enough alone.

## UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

I STOOD, in the sweet, soft gloaming, alone by the pasture bars, and there, with a deep emotion, I gazed at the glowing stars, and my bosom was filled with yearning for better and higher things, and I wished that my soul might journey up there on its shining wings. To roam in the maze of planets! To follow the starry tracks! Then a bag of sand from an airship fell on me and broke my back. I stood on the frozen river, and thought of the prisoned stream, that journeyed along beneath me, shut out from the sunlight's gleam. "How much like my own existence," I mused, "is this river's flow! Shut out from the rays of sunshine, and doomed to the dark below! How much like this sullen river, concealed from Dame Nature's smiles!" Then I stepped in an unseen airhole, and drowned in a dozen states. Whenever I pause to ponder on problems that vex the soul, catastrophes always happen, and put me deep in the hole. And so I shall cease to question the streams and the heavens dumb; I'll kick up my heels and gambol, and take things just as they come.

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## Dorothy Dix Asks What Is TRUE Love

IN replying to G. A. Howe's question, "What is love?" Harry Nash, of Boston, writes: "What is love? Universal, existing in all things, permeating all nature, never was it not. It is, and always will be, the breath of the infinite, the god within us. Who asks what is love? I would not tell him if I could. I could not tell him if I would. I could not tell him if I did. In all things, it is a failure cannot be better answered than the mind with its desires, yet ever patiently waiting—the spiritual man, the soul."

It seems to me that the problem of why love so often dies and marriage is a failure cannot be better answered than the mind with its desires, yet ever patiently waiting—the spiritual man, the soul."

Not only is this true, but these myriad selves of us are constantly changing, so that the thing that thrilled us one day leaves us cold and unmoved the next; the thing that was our heart's desire at 20, fills us with disgust at 30, and the thing that entranced us at 40 bores us at 40.

When a couple marry believing themselves much in love, and in a few years find themselves out of love and either in the divorce court or dragging out a miserable existence of double wretchedness, each one blames the other. The wife accuses the husband of having changed. The husband is disappointed, disillusioned in his wife.

In 99 cases out of 100 it is the individual who makes the complaint who has changed, and not the party of the other part. The commonplace young man, with the regular profile and the black mustache and the good opinion of himself that the young girl idealized into a fairy prince and married on that platform and finished with a man, some now, is no whit altered. He is still commonplace, and still has the regular profile and the black mustache, but she has changed and needs and demands something new in a man, than a straight nose and prepubescent white teeth.

He simply tires of this Doll. The man who marries a silly little doll of a woman, because she rolled her eyes at him and asked such adorably idiotic questions, finds that he is about to perish of ennui, and he wonders how she could have changed so. Bless you, she's just the same degree of stupidity that she was in the courting days; but the man has changed. He has broadened and developed his life, and the

Each of the different kinds of a man that he is, wants that kind of a wife, and when he doesn't get her he beats upon his breast and cries out that marriage is a failure.

What can we do about it? Nothing. But this complexity of our natures explains why we never realize the great love dream of the world, finding mates who come up to our ideal. Like the immortal Mrs. Harris, "There ain't no such a person."

## The Parting Guest

By Kirkland Allen Wilson.

I PULLED the heavy curtains over the library windows, snuffed the lights and touched a match to the kindling under the logs in the fireplace. Then I took a cigar from the box on the table, and stretched myself out in the arm chair before the hearth.

This, to my mind, was solid comfort.

It proved so comfortable that I soon found myself getting drowsy. I shook off my languor as best I could, however, for I wanted to finish my cigar. As I lay, midway between waking and sleeping, a strange feeling stole over me. You have experienced the same sensation yourself, I doubt not.

Without opening my eyes and without hearing a sound, I became conscious that there was some one else in the room. I opened my eyes. I was looking squarely into the muzzle of a revolver.

"At a word, I thrust my hands up obediently, sticking my cigar into my mouth as I passed them up.

"Keep 'em there, or I'll pump you full of lead," my captor admonished me.

"I always regard a revolver with reverence," I replied. "I have handled one myself, at times, and I may even say that I have faced one before. Hence my obedience."

"He grinned and directed me to stand up. When I was on my feet, he reached forth a wary hand, and drew my revolver from my pocket.

"Sit down," he commanded. "You can drop your hands now."

I was happy to obey, for it stiffens one's arms to hold them over one's head for a while. Try it, and see.

He pulled a chair opposite me, close to the fire. He was a pleasant looking chap—about 40, I should say—with a very businesslike manner.

"He's heavily cold out tonight," he said, balancing his weapon in one hand, while he held the other out to the warmth of the flames. "I'm glad of a chance to get some life infused into me."

"Would you consider it impertinent if I asked you how you got in?" I asked.

"Not at all; through a cellar window. It was already open," he replied at once. "How did you?"

"Through the front door, of course," I laughed, leaning back into the hospitable depth of the arm chair. "What did you think—that I'd take your method?"

He looked at me quizzically. "Isn't

## The Mexican Revolution Is a Protest Without a Program

Has No Leader to Unify Action and Centers of Activity Are Widely Scattered.

MEXICO CITY, March 15.—In the annuals of Latin-American revolutions there never has been one abounding in more features at once peculiar and remarkable than the one now being waged in Mexico. In the first place, it is a revolution without a program. Its leaders protest against existing conditions, yet they have not offered a definite plan for remedying those conditions. In the second place, it is in nowise a united revolution. There are half a dozen centers of activity, yet in each case the grounds upon which it is based are different, and no leader has appeared upon the horizon who can unify these various enemies of existing conditions into one solid phalanx of opposition to the government. In the third place, it is a revolution predestined to military failure, for neither the men nor the munitions are coming forward in sufficient quantities to make it really formidable.

May Be Political Success.

And yet in spite of all these things it is expected to prove a political success. President Porfirio Diaz has decided to remedy the abuses against which it is a protest. It is predicted that he will reform his cabinet, removing from it the men who have been the stumbling blocks in the way of political reform. It is stated that vice president Corral, erstwhile his heir apparent, will be removed from office in answer to the public demand. It is asserted that the scientifics, a body of men who have been in charge of the tennis cabins, was to Roosevelt, will not be in such complete possession of the presidential ear in the future. The governors of the various states will hereafter be appointed with more respect for the wishes of the people; and the jefe politicos or rulers of districts and cities, will be made responsible to the people lower down rather than to the officials higher up. Above all, it is probable that means will be found to take the lands of the republic out of the hands of the few feudal barons who now control them, and distribute them more generally.

Diaz Wears No Velvet Glove.

It is a novel sight to see president Diaz yielding to public demand, and it affords a different picture of him from

and then it will be time enough. Why, it isn't more than 300000."

The newcomer was five feet nearer.

"Were you ever in this house before?" I asked.

"I should say so," my friend's companion replied. "Don't you remember that big burglary hepe five years ago? Mr. Barton wasn't living here at that time, though."

"Why, yes, I remember that," I responded. "All the papers had big stories about it. But I didn't know that you were."

A finely muscled man was stealing around to grasp my captor's pistol arm. The revolver was within an inch of the back of his head.

"Yes, I go along with my case," he went on proudly, while I set my muscles tense for a spring. "It was just such a night as this, too. I sneaked up behind my man, and—"

"Grabbed him!" finished the other man, snatching my captor's revolver. "I snatched it from him, and bending his arms back until he sat powerless."

"Very cleverly done," I said, as I jumped to my rescuer's aid. Thrusting a hand into the prisoner's pocket, I drew forth my revolver.

"The his hands," the new arrival directed. "You'll find some stout cord in the drawer of that table."

He held the man's hands while I knotted the cord securely about his wrists. Then we shoved him well back into the arm chair before the fire.

"You are Mr. Ford, no doubt," said my rescuer, holding out his hand to me. "I am Mr. Barton."

"I am most happy to meet you, Mr. Barton," I responded. "I have heard strange that I should be enjoying the hospitality of your house without having met you before."

"That's all right," he answered cordially, lighting a cigar after he had passed a fresh one to me. "I had hoped to meet you as soon as you did this evening; but my train was snowbound a couple of times on the way down from 'own, and it was to meet just such an emergency that I sent the boy to you by post."

The man in the arm chair seemed to be having a fit of apoplexy. His face was purple. He seemed to be struggling for words through an ecstasy of bewilderment and anger.

"Are you Mr. Barton?" he finally gasped.

"I am," was the response. "Confound you, Barton!" exclaimed the other, working himself to an up-right position. "I am detective inspector Martin, of the detective force. This is a fine piece of work—holding up an officer of the law in the pursuit of his duty. I'll have you in jail for this!"

The man's tirades and expostulations were as unfruitful as they were ludicrous. They amused both Barton and myself, especially when the fellow squirmed to his feet and bellowed:

"I warn you, Barton, that your guest there is a dangerous criminal!"

"You haven't brought very good references with you, Ford," laughed Barton.

"I have my papers to prove my identity and my authority," shouted our prisoner. "Open my coat, and you'll see them."

"You can easily forge them," I commented, and could not help giving the fellow a humorous poke in the ribs.

"How did you happen to discover my danger?" I asked, turning to Barton.

"Well, you know I sent you my front door key," he replied. "I borrowed a basement key from one of the servants. We took our two domestics up to Scotland with us, you know. The noise of the storm probably drowned the sound of my entrance. I thought it strange when I heard voices up here, for I know you wouldn't be talking to yourself; so I picked up a revolver, and sneaked up quietly to make sure of what was going on. I found you sitting there, at the point of a pistol."

"You have my everlasting gratitude, Mr. Barton," I said warmly.

"Don't mention it, old man," he said. "Now, I think I'll get you to summon the police. I'm sorry the telephone isn't in use, but I had it disconnected for the period I was to be away in Scotland. However, the police station is only a short distance along this street to the south. I'll watch this scoundrel you bring help."

The man in the arm chair seemed about to have another apoplectic stroke as he saw me start for the door, but Mr. Barton quieted him by discharging his revolver in his face.

At the hall door I turned to give

anything Mexico has ever seen. Beyond all question Diaz has rendered a great service to his country in rescuing it from bankruptcy placing it on a firm financial footing with a credit as good as the average European nation, and in giving it a stable and, on the whole, beneficent government. At the same time he has ruled with a mailed hand innocent of the velvet glove. With 55 percent of the people of Mexico illiterate, and 19 percent of the remainder thoroughly unacquainted with the principles of republican government as Americans understand them, it is obviously impossible to expect such a man to rule with a velvet glove, and easy to understand why a sort of political absolutism is necessary. Diaz has been firm at all times, harsh frequently, and upon occasions tyrannical. The present spirit of concession to the wishes of the people is seemingly greeted with satisfaction by everybody.

A Socialistic Effort.

The revolution in the territory south of California is wholly an effort upon the part of the aboriginal Indians to set up a modern Utopia. They would abolish the government and establish a modern socialistic community. The revolution in Chihuahua, while headed by Francisco Madero, an avowed socialist and calling for some a dreamer, has a different ground upon which to bid for support. The Terrazas family, to which former ambassador Enrique C. Creel now minister of foreign affairs, belongs, owns nearly everything in Chihuahua, as may be gathered from the statement that over 15,000,000 acres of land constitutes a portion of their holdings. There has been a sort of rotation in the office of governor in which rotation only the Terrazas family has participated for many years. Taxes have been forced up to an inordinate height, and protest always seemed to send them still higher. That accounts for the trouble in Chihuahua.

Labor Troubles in Vera Cruz.

In the state of Vera Cruz, at Orizaba, there is the largest cotton factory in the world, and the trouble there seems to concern labor conditions more than political conditions. When certain houses were searched it is said that great quantities of socialist literature were found.

"Take good care of yourself, friend Barton," I said. "I'll hurry along."

As I helped myself to a heavy fur coat in the hall stand, I heard the dull thud of feet on the snow-covered steps of the front porch.

That was why I hastened now, for the first time that evening. I snatched my case from behind the umbrella stand in the corner, settled my hat well down on my head, and slowly opened the door. I slipped out and closed it after me before the newcomer had reached the top step, where we confronted each other.

"Barton," he said, "is Mr. Barton in?"

"You are Mr. Ford?" I queried. He nodded.

"Yes, Mr. Barton is in, and quite anxious to see you," I answered. "You have the key to the front door. I believe I'll just let myself in. You'll find him in the library."

Although my suit case was pretty heavy, being laden with the Barton silverware, not to mention a considerable quantity of Mrs. Barton's jewelry, I made good progress through the snow.

I recollected Mr. Barton's remark that the police station was four streets south, which explains why I turned north.

## Married Life the Second Year

Mabel Herbert Urner

How Helen Learns How One Suffers When Love Is Unrequited.

IT WAS Thursday, the day Helen had asked Katherine what to do with them. But, at noon, she called up saying she was quite ill and begged Helen to come to her. Even over the phone there were tears in her voice. "Bring the baby if you can't leave her, but come—just come," was the piteous appeal.

Helen found her in a darkened room, her hair disheveled and eyes red with weeping.

"Oh, I'm so sorry dear," as she kissed her. "I didn't know you'd been ill."

"Oh, if it was only that! One can stand being ill, but I can't bear this."

"You mean it's about him—it's always that."

"Something has happened—you have heard?"

"No, I haven't heard for months, only at times it all comes over me worse than the other. I had a headache, broke down. Look!" motioning to a desk littered with note paper, "I wrote him about 20 letters last night, and of course sent none of them. Hysterical, pitiful, pleading letters. In each one I tried to express most of what I wanted to say in a few words—only to tear them up. Under the circumstances I can't write him and yet I'm always wanting to."

"But why can't you? Mightn't it help? Perhaps bring about a reconciliation?"

"Oh, no, I can't write him now—not if I have any pride at all," she sobbed. "There is ever a reconciliation, it must come from him."

"I wish you could tell me about it, dear. It might comfort you. You know, you never really told me; you've only touched on it now and then."

"Not now—some time I will tell you, but not now. Oh, it's all so hopeless. If I could only stop caring—but I can't, and somehow I feel that I never can. He haunts me always. Oh, if I could only forget—could I ever forget? She hurried to her face and sobbed brokenly.

"I wish I knew how to comfort you," said Helen hopelessly.

"Just your being here comforts me some. I felt I couldn't be alone a moment longer, you know. I might as well telephone him—and I must not do that."

"Telephone him! Is he in the city?"

"No, I mean by long distance. All last night I had to fight myself away from the phone. To know that I had only to cross the room, to take down that receiver, give a long distance number and I would hear his voice!"

"And perhaps if you had yielded to that impulse it might have been the cause of bringing things right?"

"Oh, no! You don't know how cold and hard and austere he is. I'm afraid of him. I've always been afraid of him."

But Katherine, you can't go on like this—your health will break down. If

## Abe Martin

By Frederic J. Haskin



There haint nothin' a relative hates worse than a foldin' bed. Th' more important a feller thinks he is around an establishment th' easier he gets sick.

ature, circulated by Francisco Madero's propagandists, were found. In Puebla and other cities farther south the trouble seems to relate solely to local misgovernment. While there is an amount of popular unrest not to be overlooked growing out of general conditions, by far the greater portion of all the trouble grows out of local conditions that easily may be remedied. That the revolution will not prove

(Continued on Page Seven.)

## 14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald Of This Date 1907

Albert Krakauer left on the noon train for Denver.

Joe Dwyer is doing special work on the customs force.

The firemen will hold their annual ball tomorrow night.

I. G. Gaal will go to the front for the Corralitos road tomorrow.

The main canal is now full of water which is making the farmers proud. A bicycle was stolen from in front of the home of W. B. Hull on Missouri street last night.

The Aid society of the First Presbyterian church is planning a social tea to be given next week.

Conductor Charles Clabby, of St. Louis, is in town giving his friends tips on the prize fight.

The McInty Light Guards practiced their ghost parade last night under the direction of Capt. Peg.

Mrs. Mary W. Cooper has filed suit in the district court for \$15,000 to collect on her husband's policy.

J. B. Dwyer, a New York Central railroad official was in El Paso this morning en route to California.

Commissioner Seixas discharged a Chinaman this morning as he proved that he was born in this country.

Mrs. C. Worden left for Pittsburg, Pa. this morning after spending three months in this city visiting her son.

Deputy sheriff Johns returned from the Pecoshandle this morning. He had to ride 109 miles overland from Amarillo.

There were 252 cases tried in the police court during February of which about 200 were for vagrancy. The trials this month have numbered 55.

you think a reconciliation is hopeless then you must try to put him out of your life. Though as she spoke a faint smile came over her face, and she felt the weakness and futility of her words.

The Ordeal at the Phone.

But Katherine did not even notice them. She had risen from the couch and was walking feverishly up and down the room. Suddenly she stopped before the phone.

"Shall I call him up now—while you are here? Her voice was tense, her eyes brilliant with excitement. "Shall I?" Her hand was on the receiver.